Dear Bill 5/9/97

If I bet on the Derby I'd have lost, too, because I'd have bet on the Md. horse.

OK about the epilogue. I know you did not do that on purpose. We all forget.

Made an extra copy of the enclosed letters to and drom my Hopkins cardiologist. For some reason he lied to me about the side effects of two medications I know I require to live. I sent him the fact sheets from the pharmacy, too. The itching can be dangerous for me because I scratch in my sleep. I'm sleeping in fleece-lined leather mittens to discourage that. It does.

We have developed an exceptionally violent society. The additions to it are inspired by such things as TV, where even the ads are terribly violent now.

I did hear about those ashes into the ionosphere.Takes all kinds!!!

That some of the Navy refused to bomb MIV toward the end of that mess I did not know and think was fine.

I can imagine how some of those on subs felt during WWII from recalling how attuned to possible indications of their presence the merchant sailors were. I used to play poker with them in the dining area at night. If there was the slightest change, as in the ship's motors, they reacted immediately. When back in the US I met some of the Navy flybys who protected our convoy, to then the largest ever. They all got a Presidential citation for setting a record in sinking Nazi subs. We heard all those explosions we could not see. We were told it was the Navy having target practice. And believed it. We did from time to time see some of the escort but only destroyers that were near most of the time and the baby flattops with planes taking off and landing, also nearby. They had three planes each on them. They had beem passenger ships that were converted. We were on real tubs, "Liberty" ships that had a top speed of 8 knots. The hand rail of the one I went over on came off the first time we used it to get up from the head. That ship's first trip. The one time it broke down no escort remained behind with it. We were lucky. There were a few slower ships and before the end of the day we'd caught up again.

Back to work. Best,

Harold